

## Of Dresses And Volleyball

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Summary: There was only three times in Tsukishima's life that he'd been surprised, each time it was because of Yamaguchi. Romance if you squint.

## Of Dresses And Volleyball

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If you were to ask how many times in his life Tsukishima Kei had been surprised, he'd be able to count on one hand, and each of those surprises had been because of his best friend, Yamaguchi Tadashi.

The first time Yamaguchi called him Tsukki surprised the tall blond, and his initial reaction was to tell him to stop calling him that. Although Yamaguchi never did stop, Tsukishima did get used to it from his best friend. Later, once they were a part of the Karasuno Volleyball team, Hinata tried calling him Tsukki, no one tried it again after that incident.

The second time he'd been surprised was when Yamaguchi stood up to him. That had been a nice surprise though if Tsukishima was being honest. It was refreshing to see his friend stand up to him for a change.

The third surprise occurred after volleyball practice on a Friday night. Tsukishima's parents were out of town for the weekend and had asked him to stay at the Yamaguchi residence for the time they would be away. It went without saying that the Yamaguchi family loved Tsukishima staying over for the weekend. They loved him and Yamaguchi's parents believed he was a good influence on their dear Tadashi, knowing that the blond saved their son from bullies when they were younger.

Tsukishima had just finished showering and was walking down the hallway toward the bedroom the two friends were sharing when he heard

a yelp, followed by a loud thud from the room. He wasn't one to worry but he did wonder what on earth his friend could be doing because surely Yamaguchi wasn't that clumsy.

Given how long the two had been friends, Tsukishima didn't bother to knock upon reaching the door to the bedroom, walking into the room without a second thought. He barely got three steps into the room before freezing with surprise.

There, in the middle of the room was his best friend wearing a dress. Admittedly, it was a nice dress and suited Yamaguchi very well. It was a bright red colour with a single strap made up of bunched fabric. The fact that Yamaguchi was wearing the dress was what confused Tsukishima.

"Tsu-Tsukki!" Yamaguchi stuttered out, looking slightly ashamed and flushed.

In his current state, it was almost as if Yamaguchi was expecting him to say something, he couldn't form anything more than a small grunt of acknowledgement though.

"Erm, Tsu-Tsukki, I, uh, I need to tell you something, I think," Yamaguchi said, moving to grab the blanket off of his bed to wrap and hide himself in.

Tsukishima followed Yamaguchi to the bed and sat down next to the lump of blanket that was his friend. The blond knew what he'd just seen, and he knew that it was no accident that Yamaguchi was wearing a dress. With a glance around the room Tsukishima could identify what looked to be a postage bag that had clearly been used to transport the dress to the house and given that Yamaguchi was an only child there was no option that the package was intended for a sibling.

"I haven't been honest with you for a while, Tsukki. I-I'm not-" Yamaguchi paused for a moment, shifting his blanket so that he could breathe without facing Tsukishima. "I'm not a boy."

Tsukishima raised his eyebrows, turning to face his friend instead of the desk on the opposite side of the room. Looking at the blanket burrito that was Yamaguchi, Tsukishima could see slight tremors which were probably Yamaguchi struggling to breathe normally given the heavy, shaking breathing that could be heard.

"B-but I'm not a girl. I'm- I'm both."

Tsukishima frowned. He could understand what his friend was saying, but how? How did he feel able to identify as both a man and a woman? He could get past the initial surprise of his friend being transgender, but he did have a few questions.

"How?"

Yamaguchi's breath hitched. He probably hadn't expected him to say anything, or if he did say something, that it would've been rejection. The brunet was silent for a while, finally shifting to face Tsukishima.

"Sometimes I feel like a boy Tsukki, but other times, I really feel like a girl and I know you might not accept that but—" \_You've

already seen enough.\_

Looking at Yamaguchi, Tsukishima couldn't ask any other questions. Instead he sighed and brought an arm up to wrap around the blanket burrito, eliciting a quiet gasp from Yamaguchi.

"Tsu-Tsukki?"

"Shut up."

With a puff of air, Yamaguchi did as he was told, snuggling into Tsukishima's side and closing his eyes, confident that the blond didn't hate him and a few minutes later Tsukishima rested his head on top of Yamaguchi's.

It was peaceful, it was silent, and it was comfortable. A small smile took its place upon Tsukishima's lips as a portion of Yamaguchi's blanket was offered. Wrapping the blanket around his shoulders, Tsukishima closed his eyes and began to think about the whole situation.

It made sense, that much was obvious. Thinking about the brunet's wish to get change in a toilet stall before club practice some days, the odd occasion that his eyelashes would look slightly longer and thicker, it all made sense. That time that he'd noticed a bright pink and sparkly headband and had put it down to being Yamaguchi's cousin's birthday present? It was probably a wrong assumption.

He could recognise the signs now.

Tsukishima let a sigh through his lips as he heard Yamaguchi start to snore. Trust him to fall asleep at a time like this. After sitting like that for a few minutes, Tsukishima moved so that the two of them were lying on the bed. He got up to turn off the light before returning to lie with Yamaguchi since they hadn't got the futon out for the blond to use yet, taking only a few minutes do drift into sleep.

\* \* \*

><p>By lunch time the next day, the friends were happily walking through the streets together, one wearing a dress and the other dressed as he always did. It had been quiet around town all morning, and now the two were heading off to find somewhere to eat.<p>

Yamaguchi had worn a black lace dress that had a dark red base beneath it. He had worn a wig of medium-length dark Brunette hair that he'd kept hidden in one of his drawers with his girls clothing and a pair of black flats completed the outfit.

It had taken Tsukishima a surprisingly short amount of time to get used to his friend wearing a dress and wig in public with him, but he didn't really care. Yamaguchi was even surprised by how easily he'd been accepted but then, he realized, Tsukishima never really had discriminated against others. Sure, he made fun of, and generally didn't enjoy the company of, others, but that was different.

The pair were just reaching the beginnings of the town shopping area when they heard a whistle from their side.

"What's a cutie like you doing with a guy like him?"

"You sure know what guys want, don't you?"

"If it isn't Tsukishima from Karasuno, who's this pretty lady you got?"

Tsukishima could feel his anger rising with each sentence that came out of the trio's mouths as he turned to face them. Aobajousai's players, Oikawa, Iwaizumi and Kindaichi, were walking toward them, not having recognised Yamaguchi.

Yamaguchi didn't turn to face them, instead turned his face toward Tsukishima, trying to communicate with his eyes that they should just keep walking to lunch. Tsukishima wasn't taking any of it though.

"Do you need something?" He asked, in a tone that made Yamaguchi want to crawl into a hole and never come out.

Oikawa smirked, taking a hold of Yamaguchi's left arm and pulling him closer.

"Nah. Just wanted to know why this cutie's here with you and not me. Even we know you aren't a ladies man like me, ain't that right de-aahh." Oikawa's smirk grew. "Heh. You would make for a pretty girl."

He let go of Yamaguchi, who had been holding his breath for quite a while, and turned on his heel, both his followers turning to follow him with slight looks of disgust on their faces.

"We'll see you at our practice match on Monday. Be prepared."

And like that the three boys were gone, leaving only a trembling Yamaguchi in their place. Tsukishima made the decision to buy soggy fries for them to share at that moment.

\* \* \*

><p>Monday came around too fast for Yamaguchi's liking. He felt sick to his stomach by the time they arrived at Aobajousai High School and it took a lot of effort on Tsukishima's part to get him to at least move so he could get off the bus.<p>

The school's gym was just as big as he remembered it, filled with more people than the last time they had a practice match in the school, and even louder than before. It only served to make his sickness worse and much more painful.

As the entire team started to warm up and stretch, the three players from Aobajousei who'd seen him in a dress were staring at them and laughing. It didn't take a genius to know who they were laughing at in particular. He could pinpoint the moment that his heart stopped beating and the players made their way over to "chat".

"Tsukishima!" Kindaichi called, with a smirk. "How's your \_girlfriend \_going today? Not looking quite like the girl we met the other day, now is she?"

The trio laughed as the Karasuno team members looked at Tsukishima with confused expressions on each of their faces, aside from Yamaguchi. Tsukishima was about to shut the Aobajousai players up when Hinata spoke up.

"Tsukishima doesn't even hang around girls. How could he have a girlfriend?" It seemed like the question Kageyama, Tanaka and Nishinoya wanted to ask as well since they all nodded their agreements.

The Aobajousai trio's smirks grew.

"So you haven't told them? It would be a shame if someone were to tell them your buddy over there likes to pretend he's a girl, wouldn't it?" Oikawa said, pointing toward Yamaguchi. "Oopsâ€¦ It's a shame really, he makes such a pretty girl. Disappointing that it was just you in-"

His sentence was cut off by a strong punch to his face. Tsukishima was livid. No one was allowed to talk about Yamaguchi like that. No one was allowed to out him like that either, especially if he wasn't ready for it.

"Shut the fuck up!" Tsukishima roared. You could almost see the flames of anger behind him. "You fucking asshole. How dare you!"

Tsukishima went forward for another punch, only to be met with smirks from the Aobajousai players and if Sawamura hadn't lunged and held his arms down, he may have continued with his intent to beat the players for the emotional turmoil they had most likely started causing for Yamaguchi.

"I don't know what exactly is going on Tsukishima but you need to stop. I don't care what they're talking about, stop this." He said in Tsukishima's ear.

"No, they just-"

"I don't care, Tsukishima. I'm not having you kicked off the team for fighting at a practice match!" Sawamura said.

Tsukishima glanced at Yamaguchi and felt his will to fight die. He stopped struggling away from his captain and let himself be taken by a warm hand to the bench on their side of the court where he sat down and stared at the ground, unsure if it was normal to be this angry at people.

"Tsukishima," Sawamura started. "I can't let you play in this practice match nowâ€¦ I can't risk it if they continue to antagonise you through Yamaguchi."

Tsukishima nodded. He knew he wouldn't be allowed to play after that, but if Oikawa's face bruised up nice enough, it would be worth it.

Within the next twenty minutes, Karasuno's volleyball team still not exactly sure what had happened earlier, the practice match had begun. In Tsukishima's place was Yamaguchi, who had assured Sawamura, and

Sugawara, repeatedly that he was alright and could definitely play. And Tsukishima sat with the rest of the benched players as he watched the game play out in front of him.

His mind wasn't strictly on the game, it wandered to question why he was so angry and if Yamaguchi was the only reason he'd felt that much anger. He temporarily wondered if it would be worth it, sitting out for the game and punching Oikawa, but as soon as Yamaguchi blocked another spike and flashed him a wide smile he knew his answer.

If Yamaguchi kept smiling like that, it would always be worth it.

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file.